

MRS. G LIO HINTON HUNEKER, SCULPTOR.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Duties and Responsibilities of a Statesman's Wife Defined by One of Them.
Notable Female Sculptor—A Woman of the Rockies.

Mrs. G. Lio Hinton Huneker, who made the equestrian statue of General Fremont last Summer, for which she received \$10,000, is at present in Paris. She has taken a studio in the Latin Quarter, where her time, except that absorbed by her baby boy, will be given to study.

She has already begun her work in drawing with MacMonnies. Twice a week she will receive criticism in modelling from the great French master of sculpture, Rodin.

Mrs. Huneker is not yet twenty-four, and had accomplished some excellent work in modelling of portrait-busts and bas-reliefs before leaving America. Her bust of Mrs. James Brown Potter was exhibited at the

Atlanta Exposition, and her design for the Fremont statue was accepted in a competition with the best known sculptors of America.

A bust of Anton Seidl and a small statuette of Jean de Reszke are numbered among her earlier studies.

Mrs. Huneker belongs to an artistic family. Both her mother and sister are artists, and as an evidence of her early tendencies, when a child her favorite dolls were those of clay that she modelled for herself.

In speaking last Summer of her initiation into the art, Mrs. Huneker said: "So soon as I became really interested in the subject I began at once to feel a desire to model it, but I never went seriously to work to accomplish anything until about six years ago, when I began to study regularly with St. Gaudens. I think no one could fall with such a man for an instructor. He believes thoroughly in an art for women. Indeed, I have heard him say that the truest artists in his class were women, and that his principal object in forming the class was to afford women

an opportunity of proving their genius." Speaking of the development of art among American women, Mrs. Huneker said at the same time:

"I am not in sympathy with the 'love of ugliness for technique's sake,' that remarkable cult that is springing up among our young artists. I am always touched by the beautiful and picturesque, even in dress. I could never wear the ugly blouses, too long on the shoulders, plain at the neck and shapeless at the waist, which some of the girls affect and actually seem to enjoy. I prefer curves and lines, and beauty in all things."

Since the beginning of her art work, Mrs. Huneker has made a special study of the various national types of beauty. The calm, stately beauty of the Greek women, she believes to be due to their placid, domestic lives, the severity of the face being also typical of the stately, dignified spirit of the Greek nation.

American women, on the contrary, she holds, reveal the activity of a new civilization in their more spirited beauty and vivacious manner.

Mrs. Huneker has in appearance rather the Greek type of face, combined with a manner that is distinctly modern and American. Mrs. Huneker has exhibited at various times at the Architectural League, the Academy of Design and at the American Art Gallery. She considers her profile of Paderewski the best bas-relief she has ever done. She is now at work on a bust of Emma Eames.

APRIL WIND AND SUNBURN.

Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer Discloses How the Winds of April May Be Defied.

The Virtues of Venus Cream Are Herein Set Forth and the Formula Given for the Preservation of Beauty.

April winds and the April sun are disastrous to delicate skins, and the results of exposure at this trying season of the year frequently cling to fair faces throughout the entire Summer.

The discolorations and roughness induced by a midsummer sun are much easier to treat than those caused by the fiercely drying cold Spring winds. It is well to wear a veil until the weather is more settled and the air grows balmy. A veil of chiffon is much more of a protection than one would perhaps think, and has the advantage of being very becoming, while it serves to cut the sharpness of the air. A chapped face produced by Spring winds, so extremely uncomfortable when accompanied by a drawn sensation, as though the skin were too tightly stretched, will yield to the soothing effects of a very delicate and softening unguent called "Venus Cream," for which I have the formula. After exposure to the sun and wind, wipe the face off carefully with the cream; use a bit of old linen or flannel for the operation, which may be repeated if necessary two or three times daily.

FORMULA FOR VENUS CREAM.
Spermaceti (pure).....1 ounce
White wax (pure).....1/2 ounce
Almond oil.....1/2 pound
Butter of cacao.....1/2 pound
Melt and stir in 1 dram of Balsam of Peru. After repose, pour off the clear portion and add 2 fluid drachms of orange-flower water; stir briskly until it concretes. An hour or so after the application of the Venus Cream it is well to bathe the face in warm water. Use a very little soap if necessary.

Where the skin is inclined to become dry and scaly from exposure, the following lotion may be used with excellent results:

LOTION.
Iodide of potassium.....1 to 2 drachms
Distilled water.....1 pint
Dissolve and add 1 ounce glycerine (Price's).

Frequently the windburn or sunburn at this season will darken the face and throat in patches.

Cathartic exercises persisted in daily until a free and natural perspiration is produced, followed by warm ablutions, are of inestimable advantage in such cases, and are frequently all the treatment required to keep the skin clear and smooth.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.
Alida.—Pyrogallie stain would come nearer than any other, but I certainly do not advise it.

Wages.—Dr. Schweigger gained renown through his success in reducing Pinner's remarkable weight—forty pounds in three months. The diet is about the same as Banting's, but all liquids at meals are forbidden.

Mrs. E. F.—The formula for skin food was given in the Journal February 9.

Jeanne.—You are mistaken in supposing I advised olive oil. Almond or coconut oil will prove far more efficacious.

Brooklyn.—"Ben's" Handbook on Callisthenics will give you all the information required. HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

Think not thy own shadow longer than that of others, nor delight to take the attitude of thyself.

TEA JACKETS OF MULL.

Summer Fabrics Are Being Made into Picturesque House Bodices.

If any man has a "gad-about" wife, let him buy her tea-jackets galore. She will stay at home, if only to wear the dainty, picturesque affairs which the dealers in



women's goods have designed for her to don in the seclusion of her own four walls.

The styles are as numerous as the materials. Sometimes the bodices are shirred on to a lace yoke. Sometimes they are finished in Marie Antoinette fichu fashion, and some times the quaint surplus folds, fashionable a few years ago, cross over the loose front. An unusually pretty example of this last style is made in soft, flowered silk in pale green and pink. In the back a double box plait gives a semblance of shapeliness to the fulness which in front is merely gathered. A turned-over collar of plain green silk, edged with wide, soft lace, widens in front to a broad surface effect, crossing over the chest.

Another dainty affair is of blue silk, with an accordion-plaited chiffon front and a col-



lar which is the admirer of "The Girl in the Red Velvet Gown."

It consists of many dainty touches of lace, and among the novelties of blue satin needlework, dotted in white. A square yoke, outlined with a band of lace, is its most conspicuous feature. The jacket proper is simply gathered on the yoke. The loose, modified angel sleeves are all up the centre to the shoulder, showing an undersleeve of white silk muslin.

Pale blue batiste in a small, checker-board pattern, made by half lines of white, makes another fetching tea jacket. It is simply gathered about the neck beneath a very broad sailor collar, which is trimmed with a deep lace frill. The jacket is fastened with ribbon bows.

MADAME DE MECK, OF THE RUSSIAN LEGATION.

The wife of the Russian Minister, M. Pal Kotzebue, does not care to live in America, so the wife of the Secretary of the Legation does the honors of the beautiful home. M. de Meck is not to be understood as being a secretary in the general sense of that word, for he is a man of great culture, education and refinement, and has imperial blood in his veins; in fact, his standing in Russia is quite the equal of that of the Minister himself.

Madame de Meck came here the bride of a few months in September, and has made friends from the first. She has such charming ways, and expresses herself in the quaintest of broken English: "I spoke very bad English, but I understand it," she said with a smile, as she greeted me, and I found that she did understand it surprisingly well for one who has been less than seven months among English-speaking people, and she speaks it with such an amusing accent that one could hope she might never learn it any better.

Madame de Meck has a beautiful face, with clean-cut, high-bred features, ebony-black hair worn in high pompadour, and such kindly brown eyes—just the expression in them that would make you want to confide in her, and that tells you that your



confidence would not be betrayed. Madame took me into the drawing room, where sat a friend, wife of a former diplomat from Russia, who is with her a great deal. It was such a beautiful room, hung with rich Russian tapestries and draperies, all heavy with needlework, and Madame de Meck told me with much pride that it represented the industry of herself and mother!

"All Russian ladies of gentle birth," she told me, "do most exquisite needlework, and we think it is not proper to grow to womanhood without those accomplishments." I thought, as I looked at the frost-like stitches, that there was a lesson for thousands of American girls who disdain anything so plebeian as a needle. It was very plain to me without asking the question that this beautiful Russian woman, sprung from the nobility and nurtured in the lap of luxury, had but the ambition to be a good wife to her handsome husband, whom she adored, and that her home—into which the sunshine of a new life will soon come—is to her the holiest place on earth, except it be the shrine at which she took the vows of wifehood.

Madame de Meck has not been much in society here, but she is much charmed with the ladies who have called upon her. In her pretty broken way she said: "I like the Americans—so ladies are so so lovely to me, so kind, so good to send me beautiful flowers when I ill, and always so cordial. Yes, yes—I like the Americans; it is only that I long for my Russia—sometimes." She shook her head dubiously when I asked her if she was fond of politics. She didn't seem to be sure whether it was a new kind of American sweet, or an imperial edict from the President. She concluded to be on the safe side, however, and said she left "close to my husband."

"Do we entertain as you do?" I asked her.

"Oh, no!" was the quick answer. "In Russia the day begins at noon with the nobility. The ladies, like their mothers, in their rooms in the morning, and about noon in the drawing room, and then they come to the formal receptions, but or amateur plays, and it will be seen that the

Russians literally call it a calling wave of her hands, "ze life is so deeferting that I have not got accustomed to it, but I shall like it very much."

Madame pressed me to drink tea with her, and the white-gloved factotum brought a dainty little table, on which he placed a tea service of exquisite Sevres, and Madame poured the tea from a queer old silver Russian "tea box." The delicate spoons, as thin as egg shells almost, as well as the pretty tea service, were given Madame when she was a slip of a girl. Madame's ancestry reads like one of Ostia's novels, and no princess of the blood ever had a more beautiful home than the one to which M. de Kotzebue took his bride. Madame's maiden name was Oksa Kirilow, and she is a cousin of Count Tolstol. Her great-grandfather was the Duc de Richelieu, of France, who went as an emigrant to enter military service in Russia, and founded the city of Odessa in 1793. He was made its Governor, and for eleven years he filled that office. On the promenade on the cliff that slopes to the Black Sea stands a monument to the Duke, and at its base lies buried the ball that killed Richelieu when the town was bombarded by the British in 1854. He built the famous palace of Odessa and lived there during his lifetime. Her father was himself a distinguished General of the Russian army. The De Mecks have been famous diplomats for ages, and are of the oldest line of the Russian nobility.

The Winter home of Madame de Meck is in St. Petersburg, and her Summer home at Toulon. Some large pictures were lying on a table near me, and I saw that the top one was of a handsome interior, so I asked about it. It was the drawing room of her home at Toulon, she told me.

"It has thirty bedrooms," she said; "so we can have nice little house parties!" Little, indeed! She told me, too, that the ceilings of both her homes were painted by the world's most famous artists. She has many of the original designs made by Muriel, Greuze and others equally famous. The interior of her boudoir in St. Petersburg is a masterpiece of art, and well it may be, for the furniture once belonged to the Empress Catherine, and her own rooms in the country home are furnished identically the same as those of the Czarina. The furniture is of oak, decorated by a burning process that gives an exquisite ivory finish. She has pictures of the ballrooms, billiard rooms, dining rooms and music rooms that rival in luxury the tales of any novelist who has ever undertaken to depict Russian extravagance. The paintings and bronzes, the marbles and rare china would drive a connoisseur mad with envy. It was the music room that attracted me most, however. The friend of Madame de Meck, who had often interpreted for me when Madame's English failed her and she resorted to French, Russian, Italian and a few other languages, much to my discomfort, "United States" being my one accomplishment as a linguist, told me that Madame was herself the possessor of a voice that many celebrities on the stage envied, and that she had entertained in that magnificent music room all the great artists of the world. The picture showed two grand pianos, a great organ and dozens of other musical instruments upon most of which Madame performed, so her friend said, and the frescoing and paintings, the tapestries and draperies all seemed to be of the splendid kind. "Madame," I said, "I envy you, you seem to have so much."

FOR THE HOME-MAKER.

Oats have a value in the dressing room, as well as in the stable and the kitchen. They are unequalled for drying water-soaked shoes without hopelessly stiffening the leather and spoiling the shape of the boots. The wet footgear should simply be filled with the oats and allowed to stand for several hours. The grain will absorb the moisture and preserve the shape of the shoes.

Women with homes to furnish and decorate should go to the theatre in search of suggestions. Stage settings are often valuable lessons in furnishing, either as warnings of what to avoid or as examples of what to imitate. It is always instructive to see what result a stage decorator achieves with a few cushions and a rug or two. He gives a room an appearance of positively oriental luxury by the simplest means and she is a wise woman who studies his methods and learns his secret.

Somehow novel and not unattractive is a table decoration of violets in violet shape. Five slender, shallow oval dishes grouped under a violet at the centre of the table were closely filled with the purple blossoms except where the five came together at the centre. There a few sprays of yellow jonquils were fastened in such a way as to suggest the yellow stamens of the flowers.

When fickle appetites have grown weary of all other salads, try a nut salad. Use equal parts of fresh English walnut meat, chopped or broken and crisp celery. Mix with French dressing and let it stand for an hour before serving.

Mothers who do not care to spend more time than is absolutely necessary over the

HANDWRITING.

NATALIE A.—Mental ability, dramatic capacity, slight lack of order, loyalty.

L. M.—Love of analysis, detail; inclined to be arbitrary; jealous in affairs of the heart.

LILLY A.—Executive ability, dislike of detail; inclination to extravagance; ardent in love affairs; slight tendency to fickleness.

IDA B. D.—Love of great schemes, forms and ceremonies; tendency to overdo; inclination to be reckless in love affairs.

DAISY BELL.—Love of romantic situations; self-appreciation; inclination to extravagance; honesty; inclined to flirt.

J. E.—Faithfulness in friendship and love affairs; aptitude for detail; love of home; integrity.

MINNIE M.—Ambition, artistic taste; slight tendency to exaggerate; lack of stability.

H. R. P.—Salesmanship; ambition; dislike of detail; honesty; fidelity in love affairs.

MOON.—Inclined to extravagance; hatred of deceit; good executive ability; generosity; loyalty in affairs of the heart.

M. V. W.—Literary and dramatic ability; love of the beautiful; lack of prudence; inclination to do things on impulse and regret; loyalty in affection.

B. A. S.—Capacity for solving problems; legal ability; hatred of anything saving or dishonesty; oratory; fidelity in love affairs.

MABEL W.—Dramatic or musical ability; eloquence, ambition, hatred of deceit; loyalty.

PELERIAN.—Love of change; capacity for detail; mathematics; faithfulness in affairs of the heart.

DENNIS.—Tendency to under-estimate your own abilities; discontent with your present position; love of home; lack of stability in both business and love affairs.

MARY A.—Marked individuality; good business ability; strength; eye for color; frankness and loyalty.

J. P. H.—Simplicity, dignity, tendency to melancholy; honesty; loyalty.

ROSALINE.—Personal neatness; intellectual gifts; love of the fine arts; slight tendency to exaggerate; impetuosity; loyalty in love affairs.

M. A. K.—Executive ability; love of great schemes and dramatic situations; a good square friend; honesty; loyalty.

STELLA S.—Lack of order; apt to begin many things and fail to finish them; fickleness in love affairs.

HERE'S AN ODD CALLING.

One of the most curious professions followed by a woman is that of Miss Fannie Elkins, who prepares anatomical charts and specimens for the work of students and professors in medical colleges. She also illustrates medical books for the publishers.

Miss Elkins's studio for the work requires more than ordinary artistic skill—it is situated on Fourteenth street. She has been situated there for seven years, making her physiological drawings and charts.

She was formerly a teacher of science in Packard Institute, in Brooklyn. She was always particularly interested in physiology, and so remarkable was her skill in making the somewhat gawky sketches for physiological classes that she was finally commissioned by certain physicians to make a large chart to illustrate a lecture.

From this beginning her work grew. Now she visits hospitals with camera and note book whenever an important operation is to be performed. She received a medal and diploma from the World's Fair authorities for her work. She colors and models pathological specimens, work which has hitherto been done mainly in France.

In spite of her peculiar and gawky calling Miss Elkins is herself a very womanly woman. She is about thirty-eight years old, with brown hair touched with gray, gray-blue eyes and a nervous but pleasant manner. Her studio, which she calls her workshop, is free from the artistic embellishments of the ordinary studio.

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A FETCHING CHAPEAU.



MRS. A. G. WALLAHAN, ROCKY MOUNTAIN GUIDE.

As a crack shot and hunting guide, Mrs. A. G. Wallahan has but few equals west of the Rockies. She has the two requisite qualifications of the successful hunter—a quick eye and a steady nerve.

She has studied with nature rather than with men and books, and has learned the "lay of the land" in hunting regions, and has so familiarized herself with the habits and peculiarities of mountain and prairie animals that in the West her statements about hunting are regarded as authoritative, and the tenderfoot who can secure her guidance for his first crack at an antelope or mountain sheep considers himself in luck.

It has been said that no woman in America knows more about bringing down big game than Mrs. Wallahan, and to her also be-

shot, and afterward prepared it for dinner, to a running fire of half-amused, half-darting comments from my husband, and I myself, felt a little humiliated that my first bird should be a goose.

"After I began to shoot well I began to accompany Mr. Wallahan on all his hunting expeditions. It was while waiting with him for a herd of deer to come down the trail that I first thought of photographing wild animals.

"We had no end of trouble to get a good camera, for we were a hundred miles out from civilization. At last, however, we heard of a young man who was going off to a mining camp, and was willing to sell a camera for \$10. I had only \$5 in cash with me at the time, but Mr. Wallahan contrib-

uted two pairs of fine buckskin gloves, and between us we secured the prize. Since then we have never missed an opportunity to get interesting photographs of game.

"And I can assure you," Mrs. Wallahan continued, "it is far more difficult to photograph animals than to shoot them. It is necessary to get much closer to them, to wait for them to assume an interesting pose, to study the surrounding scenery with a view to its appropriateness as a background, and, last of all, to manage a camera skillfully and noiselessly under most difficult circumstances."

Mrs. Wallahan's horse and dog are her inseparable companions. She speaks of them with the same affection with which she alludes to her gun and camera. Her

light-weight flannel for Summer. The shirt is short, scarcely reaching the ankles; the waist is plain and close fitting, and the sleeves small, without being tight.

Her cartridge belt is a strong, useful article, without any feminine finery. Her hat, both Winter and Summer, is a broad-brimmed felt, worn well over the eyes. Stom, broad-shouldered boots complete an outfit devised solely with reference to comfort and utility.

Mrs. Wallahan has a long list of big game to her credit, including antelope, deer, mountain sheep, cinnamon bear, elk and moorish lion. She is, however, too true a sportsman to hunt merely in order to boast a big record, and her best shots have been made to supply the camp with provisions, or when necessity demanded that furs should be sold, or the cabin required a new set of rugs.

My first successful wing shot was a wild goose. I brought it down with a single

longs the credit of first conceiving the idea of photographing live wild game.

"I first learned to shoot to please my husband," Mrs. Wallahan said, in speaking of her Western experiences. "I was often alone in my mountain home, and felt it to be unsafe to be totally ignorant of the use of firearms. I began to practice regularly whenever I was alone. At first I could not lift an eight-pound gun without having it shake so that a careful aim was impossible. But I at length grew accustomed to the weight, and also taught myself to sight moving objects quickly, and finally one day killed a rabbit that was scurrying past the door."

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